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## Farewell to the Swallows.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,  
See ye not the gather'd sheaves,  
See ye not the falling leaves ?  
Farewell !

Is it not time to go  
To that fair land ye know ?  
The breezes as they swell,  
Of coming winter tell,  
And from the trees shake down  
The brown  
And withered leaves. Farewell !

Swallows, it is time to fly ;  
See not ye the altered sky ?  
Know ye not the winter's nigh ?  
Farewell !

Go ; fly in noisy bands  
To those far distant lands  
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,  
And gem (of which they tell  
In books of travel strange):  
There range  
In happiness. Farewell !

Swallows, on your pinions glide  
O'er the restless rolling tide  
Of the ocean deep and wide ;  
Farewell !

In groves far, far away,  
In summer's sunny ray,  
In warmer regions dwell ;  
And then return to tell  
Strange tales of foreign lands,  
In bands  
Perch'd on the eaves. Farewell !

Swallows, I could almost pray  
That I, like you, might fly away,  
And to each coming evil say—  
Farewell !

Yet 'tis my fate to live  
Here, and with cares to strive.  
And I some day may tell,  
How they before me fell  
Conquered. Then calmly die,  
And cry  
" Trials and toil—Farewell ! "

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

## Dussik, Dussek, Duscsek.

And now to Tomaschek's reminiscences.

"In the year 1804," writes he, "my countryman Dussek came to Prague, with whom I very soon became acquainted. He gave a concert in the Convict hall to a very large audience, in which after the overture, he played his military concerto; after the first few bars of his solo, the public uttered one general 'Ah!' There was in fact something magical in the mode in which Dussek, with all his charming grace of manner, through his wonderful touch, drew from his instrument delicious and at the same time emphatic tones. His fingers were like a company of ten singers, who possessing a perfectly equal executive power, can produce exactly, whatever their

leader wishes. I never saw the Prague public so enchanted, as then by Dussek's splendid playing.

His truly declamatory style, especially in cantabile movements, stands as the ideal for every artistic performance—something, which no other pianist since has reached.

His fantasia, which consisted mainly of mere broken chords, was utterly worthless, until he came to the Rondo of a sonata in C minor, with which he ended it. Dussek was also the first, who placed his instrument sideways on the stage, in which our pianoforte heroes in their ridiculous exhibitions (*gaukelspiel*) all follow him—even when they have no interesting profile to exhibit.

I gave my countryman much of my time—I offered it gladly—and in return he played most of his difficult sonatas to me, by which in the matter of touch I gained much. To form a judgment of my talent for composition, he also visited me, and as he repeated his visits often, I of course could with reason conclude, that my productions were not disagreeable to him; we also not unfrequently played sonatas for four hands together. He left Prague and, pursued by fate in all the turns and windings of life, died soon after in Paris, in the service of the super-fine Talleyrand." (In which last sentence Tomaschek has continued to convey an incorrect impression). This matter of the dates given by these writers still troubles me; as Dlabacz and Tomaschek were both residents of Prague, both musicians, both interested in the musical history of that city, how, in case Dussek was there both in 1802 and 1804, could both of them have known of, or recorded, but one of these visits? Another difficulty with Tomaschek's date is the intimate relations at the time existing between Dussek and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, which, from the accounts we have of this intimacy render it—not impossible—but improbable, that he went on the then long and weary journey to Prague in 1804. All we need in order to clear up the matter is a simple contemporary notice of a concert, or of his arrival at, his presence in, or departure from Prague—but such a notice thus far is wanting.

But to Louis Ferdinand. This was that prince, whom Beethoven (*Wegeler* and *Ries*, p. 110) so highly (as he thought) complimented, by telling him, "he played not at all royally or princely, but like a strong pianist." From the various descriptions of him, which I have seen, I have formed in fancy the picture of a man (in 1802) of 30 years of age, tall and noble in person, and of remarkable mental powers—a true case of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. It was his misfortune to be a prince of the Prussian royal house—not high enough in rank to be called into public political service,—too high to engage in any useful occupation.

His active comprehensive mind could not rest; and he threw himself at one time with all energy into literary and scientific studies—an old journal of the time informs its readers that Prince

Louis Ferdinand is devoting himself to the study of *Greek*—then into artistic pursuits—then abandoned himself into dissipation in all forms, then suddenly allowed his better nature full play again, and so on. He fell in the fight at Saalfeld, Oct. 12, 1806.

As to his relations with Dussek I translate from him, who noticed, in the *L. M. Zeitung*, Aug. 19, 1807, Dussek's "Elegie harmonique sur la Mort de S. A. R. le Prince Louis Ferdinand de Prusse, &c.," from the late Ludwig Rellstab, in the reminiscences of Berlin music, in *Bote & Bocks musical Journal*, 1850, and from Spohr's "*Selbst biographie*."

The former closes one of those beautifully involved German sentences, which require a double barrelled memory to retain the beginning to the end, in about these terms; "the bad principle drew him (Prince L. F.) deeply into stupefying sensual pleasures; the good attracted him most powerfully to that art which has less to do with earth than any other occupation of heart or soul—music. And now must he attempt the destruction of a world and the creation of one new and more beautiful—or rather annihilate his old self and give the better part at his being free course. Fate and those to whom in his outward circumstances he was subject, gave him opportunity to effect the latter, and he embraced it.

"In his later days—I mean, say, the last five or six years of his life—in which he turned again to music with all the fiery ardor of his soul, as the means of pouring out his feelings and of finding nobler and purer recreation, and occasional hours, at least, of peace of mind—at this period came Herr Dussek to Berlin. The Prince had indeed studied music in his youth and had never wholly neglected it; but his soul was now for the first time open to its hidden worth—to its higher and more spiritual value. He had just now need of a man, who could aid him in learning to express fully and correctly, what he wished to say through musical tones; who could fully enter into the spirit of that which he produced and enjoy it with him; who could afford him intellectual food in productions exquisitely suited to the feelings and to taste of the prince; and, who finally, apart from their common art, would prove an amiable and pleasant companion. All this he found in Dussek in a higher degree than in all the other musicians of his acquaintance. Dussek was all this to him and the prince in return was all in all to Dussek.

"And in fact Dussek must have been to this Prince, what no other person could be,—speaking now, of course, only in regard to their musical relations. His strength as a composer, in my opinion, lies in the peculiar, new, striking and brilliant character of his invention, and, in the matter of working out his ideas, in the fire and soul, which are seldom wanting in the compositions of the prince.

"Dussek's playing is astounding in execution, sure, fiery, always effective—it is in all respects what is now-a-days called the *grand style*—I use

the term to distinguish it from the *gallant*, the highly ornamented delicate manner of playing (for instance Himmel's); and such was the performance of Louis Ferdinand — only not so pure and neat as Dussek's. Hence arose relations between them, which justify Dussek in saying in the few lines of preface accompanying the work under notice; 'L'Auteur, qui a eu le bonheur de jour du commerce tres-intime de S. A. R., ne l'a quitté qu'au moment, où il a versé son précieux sang pour sa patrie'—relations, which give him the right to express, in the art they both so highly prized, his feelings at the hero's death, and to offer this work to the glorious manes of the deceased."

Now from Rellstab, who is speaking of the early years of this century, and in relation to Berlin.

"The pianoforte, which, in its independence of the instruments and for all classes of society in so far as they have anything to do with music, plays the most important part, had several most distinguished names among its votaries. The favorite player of Berlin, and decidedly the first in most delicate purity, elegance and finish of style was Himmel, a man created by nature to be the central point in the *musical salons*, an expression, *not* then in vogue. By far greater, and most decidedly so, was Dussek, not only as a virtuoso, but also as composer for the instrument; he had moreover obtained a corresponding European fame, while Himmel was but a local celebrity, although as such he had been raised to the pinnacle of admiration and favor. To these names belongs a third, that of Prince Louis Ferdinand; these three formed through a period of considerable length an almost inseparable artistic brotherhood."

Passing over what is said of Himmel, here follow the remarks upon Dussek, and the Prince.

"I now come to Dussek. It is not possible, for me at least, to picture him as one of the *musical celebrities* of Berlin of that period; he belongs more especially to an earlier one (the close of the last century) and was only traditionally known in the particular period, which is now under consideration. He was incontestably a greater virtuoso than Himmel, one of the first of *European pianoforte celebrities*. He had in his eminent technical resources a much wider basis for various development, and both as player and as composer had done far more for the elevation of the instrument than Himmel; so that he rightly demands a place in the history of the pianoforte, to which the other, in spite of his local and well-earned reputation, can no way lay claim. We in fact are hardly justified in speaking of Dussek in this place—but then he had occupied a position in the musical art of Berlin, which is vividly felt even in our own period. He was joined with the ingenious Prince Louis Ferdinand and Himmel in a close musical union, the influence of which is in the highest degree valuable. The Prince, whose heroic death added immensely to the significance of his life, was at that time an artistic power in society, which though perhaps owing somewhat to his rank for its splendor, must have been in and for itself of the greatest importance, so intimately combined with and so transfused through all his other generous personal qualities, was the artistic side of his nature. In him were combined in fullest measure the noblest powers and instincts for love

and art, which it is true had to struggle with a sensual element, spirited and fiery, in working their way to a pure development and the noble ends for which they were bestowed; but which in this very conflict and struggle were something grand and of noble portent."

What is said now of the prince's pianoforte playing, is out of place here, and I pass on to where Dussek's name again appears.

"The prince played a great deal in company with Dussek; several compositions for two pianofortes and many others for four hands, plainly owe their origin to the relations between the great virtuoso and the richly endowed prince. Himmel, also, as before stated, was often their companion in *play* in the real signification of the term, and both, Himmel and Dussek, were the prince's favorite associates at the wine cup. What sort of influence in these matters Dussek may have exerted upon the character of the prince is to me unknown; but Himmel possessed, as we have indicated, that lively and joyous, that good-natured and amiable view of life, which is like sparkling foam of Champagne, and which is as a rule, the most welcome, when brothers in art of high intellectual qualities make the full glasses ring. And so the Prince, Dussek and Himmel formed a musical triad, each exciting, vivifying and strengthening the others—but in which Dussek, as a virtuoso upon the pianoforte, decidedly took the first place."

"Spohr had come (winter 1804-5) via Dresden to Berlin with the singer Rosa Alberghe, where he appeared with her in a concert (March 13, 1805).

While making arrangements for this concert he presented his letters of introduction and was invited to several music parties.

"The second music party—to which my fellow-traveler was also invited—was at Prince Louis Ferdinand's. We drove thither together and were most politely received by our host. We found there a very distinguished company—men adorned with orders, women dressed in the height of fashion, and the first artists of Berlin. I met here also an old Hamburg acquaintance, the celebrated pianoforte virtuoso and composer Dussek, who was now the prince's teacher and lived with him. The music began with a pianoforte quartette, which was played by him in real artistic perfection. Then I followed. Made wiser by my recent mistake (Spohr had played one of Beethoven's Quartetts, op. 18, at Prince Radziwill's to the disgust of his auditors), I chose to-day only compositions in which I could exhibit my powers as a violinist, namely a quartett and the variations in G, by Rode. My playing gained the liveliest applause and Dussek especially seemed to be enchanted with it. My beloved Rosa also gained universal commendation by her singing of an air to which Dussek played the accompaniment.

"After the musical performances were over the Prince gave one of the ladies his arm and led the way, every gentleman at a hint from him following his example, into the dining room where a splendid meal was served. Each man seated himself without ceremony by the lady whom he had conducted to the room; I by my dear fellow-traveler. At first the conversation, though free and easy, was not indecent. But when the champagne began to foam in the glasses, things were said unfit for the modest ears of an innocent

girl. I therefore, so soon as I discovered that those fashionable women did not, as I had supposed, belong to the court, but more likely to the ballet, began to devise means of secretly getting away with my companion. I succeeded in getting to my coach, without attracting the attention of the company and without hindrance, and returned with Rosa to her mother. Next day I was told that the prince's music-parties generally ended with such orgies."

In the autumn of the same year, in October apparently, Spohr was again with the Prince and Dussek, of which he writes thus:

"Before I entered upon my new office (concertmaster at Gotha), I received a letter from Dussek, who wrote me that his patron, Prince Louis Ferdinand, was going to attend the grand military manœuvres at Magdeburg and desired me to be his guest during that time, and to take part in the musical performances, which he intended to give. The prince he said, would write to the Duke and gain for me leave of absence. This was at once granted. I journeyed therefore to Magdeburg and found in the house, which the prince had engaged for himself and his followers, a chamber designed for me.

Here I led a strange, wildly boisterous life, which however for a short time was very welcome to my youthful tastes. Often at six o'clock in the morning I, as well as Dussek, was driven out of bed and sent, in dressing gown and slippers, to the prince in the reception room, where, in consequence of the great heat of the weather he was already sitting at the pianoforte in a still thinner costume—often with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. Now began the trying over and rehearsal of music for the evening, and this through the prince's zeal would often last so long that the hall would become by degrees filled with officers with all their stars and orders. The costume of the musicians then contrasted strangely enough with the brilliant uniforms of the courtiers. However this was not of the slightest importance to the prince, who never ceased until everything went to his satisfaction. Now we made our toilets in all haste, took our breakfast and then rode out to the manœuvres." \* \* \* But the prince was soon recalled from his Magdeburg exile and I, dismissed with hearty thanks, by the Prince, could return to Brunswick. Dussek told me when I took leave of him, that the Prince had intended to make me a present, but there was such an ebb in his finances, that he was forced to put it off to some later and more fortunate time. That time however never came, as the Prince next year met his fate at Saalfeld."

It is difficult to get at the truth in relation to any one born to a title, on the continent. We get nothing but eulogies. For princes, the catalogue is printed without negatives. And so this prince Louis Ferdinand is made a hero; indeed some woman or other in Berlin has written a long, wearisome novel, of the Heribert Rau and Elise Polko order, founded upon the prince's history.

God be thanked that English and American writers have not yet sunk so low as to make Byron, Nelson, and men of that stamp the subjects of weak romances, or the English and American public so low as to purchase works of the kind. Thus far this kind of literature is reserved for our French and German neighbors. Mrs. Stowe's



use of Aaron Burr in the "Minister's Wooing," was not so successful as to lead to a repetition of the mistake, it is to be hoped.

The truth in regard to Prince Ferdinand clearly is, that the ruined debauchee, a man naturally of splendid qualities and uncommon talent, after having exhausted his powers of sensual pleasure, compounded with his creditors and squared accounts with the world, by — unnecessarily throwing away, in the skirmish at Saalfeld, a life not worth preserving.

A man is known by the company he keeps — and hence the intimacy between Dussek and Louis Ferdinand is that which gives the worst impression of the moral character of the former.

(To be continued.)

### From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters.

LINZ, AUG. 11, 1830.

DEAR MOTHER:

"How the traveling musician celebrated his grand unlucky day in Salzburg."

An extract from the unwritten diary of Count F. M. B. \* \* \*. (Continuation).

As soon as I had finished my last letter to you the most unlucky of unlucky days began to dawn upon me. I took my pencil and contrived to spoil two of my favorite drawings in the mountains of Bavaria so completely, that I had to tear them out of my book and throw them out of the window. That provoked me and to recover my equanimity I took a walk upon the Capuzinerberg. That I lost my way is a matter of course; and at the moment when I did reach the top, it began to rain fearfully, and I must open my umbrella and hasten down again. At all events I could see the inside of the convent, and so rang; then it suddenly occurred to me that I had not money enough in my pocket to pay the monk for showing me about; as they take such a circumstance very ill, I just busied myself in getting away as fast as possible, without waiting to speak with the porter. Then I finished making up my package for Leipzig and took it to the postoffice; there I was told I must first have it examined at the custom-house. So I went to the custom-house; there they kept me waiting an hour, while they were making out a certificate of three lines, and in other respects acted so rowdyish that I had to give them a scolding. Hang Salzburg, thought I, and ordered horses to Ischl, where I hoped to recover myself from all the pitch in my nest. "You can have no horses without permission from the police." To the police office. "You can have no permission until your passport has reached the office from the city gate." Why make so many words about it? After sending and running hither and thither a countless number of times came the desired post-chaise; I have eaten, had my things packed up, and now think my troubles over; the reckoning and the drink-money are paid. As I go out of the door two elegant traveling carriages come slowly to the house, and the people of the inn hurry out to meet the party who are approaching on foot. I, however, pay no attention to all this and take my seat in my own vehicle. In doing this I notice that one of the other carriages has stopped beside mine and a lady sits therein. And what a lady! That you may not think I fell in love with the lady, and that this was the crown of my ill luck, I will begin by saying she was elderly; but her looks were very amiable

and friendly; she wore a dark dress and a heavy gold chain; she put the drink-money into the postillion's hand and smiled beautifully in doing it. God knows why I fussed so long with my trunk and did not tell the coachman to drive on; I kept my eyes upon her, and all unknown to me as she was, I felt a strong impulse as though I must speak to her. Perhaps it was all imagination but no one can convince me that she did not look over to me and mark the shabby traveler with the student's cap. But when she got out of her carriage on the side next to me, and then stopped at my carriage door in such a familiar manner, and stood there awhile with her hand resting upon it — why, all my well-earned traveling routine was necessary to prevent me from getting out and asking, "Dear Lady, what is your name?" Routine, however, conquered, and I called out very grand, "Go on, Schwager!" \* Then the lady withdrew her hand suddenly, and away we went. I was all out of spirits, thought over the ill luck of the day and went to sleep. A coach with two gentlemen passing us awakened me. The following dialogue passed between the Schwager and me.

*I.* They come from Ischl, and so I shall not be able to get any horses.

*He.* O, the two carriages which stopped there were also from there, and yet you will get horses.

*I.* And they came also from Ischl?

*He.* Yes, to be sure; they come every year thither, and last year they came here also; I was their driver; and she is a Baroness from Vienna, (Herr Gott! thought I) and she is fearfully rich, and has such beautiful daughters; when the two went down into the mine at Berthasgaden, I took them down: how pretty they looked in their miner's dresses. They have an estate, and yet are always pleasant and familiar with such as I.

Hold up — shouted I — what is the name?

*He.* Can't say.

*I.* Pereira? †

*He.* Guess not.

Go back, said I, decidedly.

*He.* Then you will not reach Ischl to-night, and we have just passed the worst mountain; you will find out about them at the station.

I began to doubt again; went on; at the station nobody knew the name, nor at the next; at length after seven incredibly impatient hours, I reach Ischl, and before leaving the carriage, ask, "Who left for Salzburg this morning with two post-chaises?" and receive the quiet answer, "Baroness Pereira; to-morrow morning she goes on to Gastein, but is coming back in four or five days."

Now I had it for certain — spoke also with their coachman; not a member of the family had remained behind; the two gentlemen in the chaise, which had followed, were two of the sons (just the two whom I did not know). To crown my misery, I now remembered a wretched portrait, which Aunt H. once showed me — the Lady in the black dress was the Baroness Pereira. God knows when I shall ever have another chance of seeing her! I don't believe that she could ever have made a pleasanter impression upon me, and I shall certainly not so soon forget her charming figure and friendly looks. After all, these presentiments are unlucky affairs; they

\* Schwager — brother-in-law — the familiar title given in the Salzburg region to a coachman.

† A relative of the Mendelssohns.

come easily enough, but we first find out, when it is too late, that they are such.

I would at once have turned about and ridden all night, had I not upon reflection seen, that at best I should only meet them at the very moment of their leaving Salzburg — perhaps not even that, and that I should spoil the plan of my tour and my visit to Vienna, should I go on with them to Gastein (for I had even thought of that) and finally, that Salzburg had proved only a "pitch nest" to me. So I exclaimed once more adieu, and went sadly out of sorts to bed. Next morning I had them show me the empty house, and I made a drawing of it for you, dear mother. But my ill-luck was still thundering in the distance so that I could find no good point of view — that they charged me over a ducat for the night in the inn, and the like. I cursed in English and German, went on, placed Ischl, Salzburg, the Pereira, the Traun lake, among the things that were, and so am here, where I have to-day had a day of rest. I think of going on to-morrow and day after to-morrow, God willing, to sleep in Vienna.

Thence, more. And so ended the unlucky day of my life; all is true; no fancy; not even the hand on my coach door, but all literal portrait. What I cannot at all understand is, that I completely overlooked Flora, who was also there; for the old lady in a Scotch cloak that went into the inn was Frau von W., and the old gentleman with green spectacles who followed her cannot possibly have been Flora. In short when things once go wrong there's no stopping them. I will write nothing else to-day, the provocation is still too fresh, next time I will tell about the Salzkammergut, and how fine the journey yesterday was, and how right it was on the part of Devrient, who advised me to take this route. So, too, the Traunstein and the Traun Waterfall are wondrously beautiful, and in fact the world in general is very sweet. Good is it, that you are in it, and that I shall find letters day after to-morrow, and much more.

Dear Fanny, now I will compose my *Non nobis* and the A minor Symphony.

Dear Rebecca, if you should hear me singing "im warmer Thal" with half cracked voice, you would find it almost too distressing. You do that sort of thing better.

Oh Paul! ‡ do you know how to get along with Schein gulden, and Wiener Waching gulden, heavy gulden, light gulden, conventions gulden, the Devil and his Grandmother's gulden? I don't. I wish, therefore you were with me, and perhaps also for other reasons.

Fare you well. FELIX.

PRESSBURG, (HUNGARY), APRIL 27, 1830.

MR. BROTHER!

Ring of bells, drumming and music, carriage upon carriage, men running hither and thither, on all sides, picturesque crowds, that is the state of things about me here, for to-morrow is the coronation of the king, which the city has been waiting for since yesterday and praying the heavens to clear up and become pleasant for — for the grand ceremony, which should have taken place yesterday, had to be put off because of the continued and tremendous rain. But now since

‡ Paul Mendelssohn, as being in a banking house, may be supposed to have known something about Austrian money. Within these last few years all these different species of Gulden have given way to one which is decimally divided. — Tt.

noon, the sky has become blue and serene; the moon is shining quietly upon the boisterous city, and to-morrow as early as possible the crown prince is take his oath (as king of Hungary) upon the great market-place; thence he goes with a long procession of bishops and the nobles of the empire to the church, and finally proceeds on horseback to the Königsberg (King's hill), which is here directly before my window, there upon the banks of the Danube to wave his sword towards the four cardinal points, and so take possession of his new kingdom.

In this short journey I have gained the knowledge of an entirely new country; for Hungary with its magnates, its Obergespann, § its oriental luxury, side by side with barbarism, can be seen here, and the streets offer me a sight, all unexpected and new. One really finds himself nearer the Orient; the frightfully stupid peasant Selaves; the land of gypsies; the servants and coaches of the nobles overloaded with gold and gems (for they themselves are at best but to be seen through the open windows of their carriages), then too the strangely saucy national costumes, the yellow complexion, the long mustaches, the soft, foreign speech — altogether it makes upon one the most interesting impression in the world. Yesterday morning I rambled the streets alone; there came a long train of jolly soldiery upon their lively little horses; behind them was a troop of gypsies with music; then a lot of Vienna *elegants* with spectacles and gloves, talking with a Capuchin monk; then a squad of those small, half savage peasants, in long white coats, the hat down over the eyes, the black, smooth hair cut in a circle round their heads, skins of a reddish brown, exceedingly lazy in their motions and having an indescribable mingled expression of utter indifference and wild stupidity; then a pair of fine, keen-looking alumni of theology, walking arm in arm and clad in long blue coats; Hungarian owners of estates in the blue-black national dress; court servants; traveling carriages just arriving covered over and over with dirt. I followed the multitude as it moved slowly hill-upwards and so came at length to the ruined castle, whence one sees the entire city and far away down the Danube; and everywhere from the old white walls and from the towers and balconies above, the people were gazing down upon the scene; in every corner boys were standing and inscribing their names upon the walls for the benefit of posterity; in a small room (perhaps it was once a chapel or the bedroom of somebody) a whole ox was roasting, slowly turning upon the spit, while the people hurrahed in concert; a long line of cannon stands before the castle, ready to thunder in due form at the coronation; down in the Danube, which here rushes madly along and flies through the bridge of boats with arrow-like quickness, lies the new steamboat, which had just arrived beladen with strangers; to all this add the view far away out over the level, bushy country, over the meadows which the Danube overflows, the dikes and roads all alive with human beings, the hills planted from top to bottom with the vines of Hungary, all this is foreign and strange enough. Add, moreover, the pleasant contrast, that of living with the pleasantest and friendliest people, and to find with them the new doubly surprising — these were indeed more of those lucky days, dear Herr Brother, which beneficent Heaven has so often and richly conferred upon me.

§ The Counts of highest rank. — Ts.

The 28th, about 1 P.M. The king has gone through the ceremony. || It was heavenly beautiful. Why should I make any long description? In an hour we all journey back to Vienna, and thence I go on my way. Under my window is a deadly tumult and the city guards are hurrying together, but only to shout *Vivat*. I made my way alone into the crowd, while our ladies saw all the proceedings from the windows, and the impression made upon me by all this incredible magnificence is ineffaceable. On the great square of the Brothers of Mercy, the people rushed together like mad, for it was there the oath was to be taken, on a tribune covered with cloth; this cloth the people had the right afterwards to appropriate to make themselves clothes; hard by too was a fountain spouting red and white Hungarian wines; the grenadiers could not keep the crowd back; an unlucky hackney coach, which stopped for an instant, was in an instant covered with people climbing up the wheels, lodging themselves on the roof, on the driver's seat, making a great ant-hill of the vehicle, so that the coachman, not to commit murder, had to stop there and wait quietly until all was over. When the procession approached, to which all heads uncovered themselves, it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could get my hat off and hold it up over my head; this cut off the view of an old Hungarian, who stood behind me; he, however, at once devised a way, seized the hat, without saying "by your leave," and crushed it at a stroke so flat that it was hardly as large as a cap; then they yelled as if transfixed on spits and almost tore one another to pieces in struggling for the cloth; in short it was a mob — but my Hungarians! The scamps look as if they were born only to be nobles and do-nothings, and as if they were very melancholy about it, and ride like the devil. When the procession left the hill, first came the embroidered court servants, the drummers and trumpeters, the heralds and other menials, and then suddenly, in frightful leaps, *plein carrière*, a count on horseback sprang down the street like a madman; the horse is bridled with gold; the rider is completely covered with diamonds, real, heron feathers, and embroidered velvet, (You see he had not yet donned his richest costume, because he must ride like possessed, Count Sándor, the mad man is called); he carried an ivory sceptre in his hand and pricked his horse with it, and every time the horse sprang and made a powerful leap; when he had cooled down, comes a file of some sixty other magnates, all in like fantastic magnificence, all with beautiful colored turbans, jolly mustaches and dark eyes; one rides a white horse which he has covered with a golden net; a second, a gray, with diamonds all over the bridle; a third, a black, bedecked with purple stuff; one wears sky-blue from head to foot, thickly embroidered with gold, a white turban and a long white doliman; another is all dressed in cloth of gold with a purple doliman; and so each seems more parti-colored and richer than his neighbor, and all ride so boldly and recklessly that it is fun to see it; and now, at last, the Hungarian guard, Esterhazy at the head, dazzling the eyes with brilliants and embroidery of pearls; how can all this be described? One must have witnessed all this splendor to conceive it, as the procession arranged itself in the broad

|| "Der König wäre unter die Haube gebracht."

square and stood still, and all the precious stones and variegated colors, and the lofty golden Bishops' mitres, and the crucifixes sparkled in the brightest sunlight, like a thousand stars!

Now then, to-morrow, God willing, I shall go on. Here you have a letter, Herr brother; write one also and soon, to me, and let me know how life goes with you. You have had an uprising in Berlin, also, and indeed, from journeymen tailors; what was the affair?

To you, your parents and your brothers and sisters, I say once again a farewell in leaving Germany; now I leave Hungary for Italy, and thence I will write oftener and more quietly. Be in good spirits, dear Paul, and push forward bravely; rejoice in all that's joyful, and think of thy brother, who rambles about the world. Farewell.

Thy FELIX.

### Our Country.

On primal rocks she wrote her name;  
Her towers were reared on holy graves;  
The golden seed that bore her came  
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves:

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,  
And open flung his sylvan doors:  
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest  
To clasp the wide embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered land  
To swell her virgin vestments grew,  
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,  
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of kings!  
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!  
The refuge of divinest things,  
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front  
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;  
The right-hand fling, with generous wont,  
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,  
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;  
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails  
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,  
So follow firm the heavenly laws,  
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,  
And storm-spiced Angels hail thy cause!

O Land, the measure of our prayers,  
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,  
Be thine the tribute of the years,  
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

—Atlantic Monthly for October.

### Behind the Scenes at the Theatre.

(Continued from page 220.)

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Now let us step into the "property room." This is under the charge of an individual known as the "property man" of the theatre, and "theatrical properties" are the various articles other than dresses used in the representation of plays; consequently the property room of a large theatre is quite a museum, and really a very curious sight to one who visits it for the first time.

Here are embroidered purses of gold (filled with broken china and tin), fat pocket books of (news-papers) bank notes by rich old uncles in farces, kings' golden sceptres, fairies tinselled wands, goblets of gold, flagons of silver, tin cups for peasants' revels, and papier mache chickens and roast beef for dinner scenes, caskets of jewels, gorgeous Dutch metal candelabras, signet rings for monarchs, and staffs for beggars and witches, Othello's handkerchief, the witches' cauldron, Romeo's vial of poison, Shylock's scales and knife, Falstaff's jug of sack, Friar Lau-



MARTHA.

89

ACT IV.

No. 18. ENTR' ACTE ET AIR.

*Maestoso.*

*f* *p*

*Larghetto.*

*p*

*cres.* *f* *ritard.*

*a tempo.*

*p* *tremolo.*

*Animato.*

*f* *sf*

*ritard.* *f* *sf* *f p* *Recitatif.*

*poco animato.*

*dol.*

*cres.*

*f* *Ped.* *sf*

*Moderato.* *dol.*

*p* *f*

*cres.* *p*

*cres.* *dol.* *tr* *ritard.*

*a tempo.* *f* *p*

*a tempo.*

*calando.*

*a tempo.*

*Meno moto.*

*f p dol. cres.*

*smorz. f tempo animato. ff*

*cres. f*

*poco animato.*

*ff Ped. \**

*ff Ped. \**

*p riten. Ped.*



Two systems of piano music. The first system features a treble staff with chords and a bass staff with a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues the accompaniment with more complex chordal textures. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, and *sf*.

## No. 19. DUO.

First system of the Duo, marked *Allegro.* It consists of a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the eighth measure of the treble staff. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Second system of the Duo, marked *Moderato.* It continues the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*.

Third system of the Duo. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Fourth system of the Duo. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, *ritard.*, *p*, and *trem.*

Fifth system of the Duo. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, *p dol.*, *f*, and *Ped.* The system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata.



rence's rosary, Prospero's wand, clubs for mobs, shillalabs for Irishmen, writing apparatus for lovers to write hurried letters, kings to sign death warrants, and spendthrift's heirs to draw bills, the "letters" used in different standard plays, all alphabetically arranged and properly superscribed ready for use, so that they serve whenever the play is performed, wigs and deeds with broad seals and black marks made to look well "from the front," crown jewels, jugs of ale without the ale, and a thousand other things used in mimicking life and representing romance.

We must not, however, forget the armory part of the property man's charge, not the least curious part of his collection. Here the visitor finds stands of muskets enough for a company, glittering spears for a Roman legion, gleaming battle axes for barbarians, curved scimitars for Moslems, and straight blades for true cavaliers, Spanish rapiers, Highland claymores, Toledo blades, and English broadswords. The fasces of the Roman lictors and pole-axes of the Queen's guard stand side by side, the executioner's big axe and block repose grimly in a corner, while on the walls are daggers of all sorts and sizes, from the delicate one which the maiden draws as a protection against dishonor, to the broad blade bared by the murderer or 'front wood robber,' who steps softly over the stage when the lights are turned down, to the thuds of the big fiddle; pistols, tomahawks, and other murderous implements in glittering profusion.

Whenever it happens that any of these properties are needed, the prompter makes a requisition on the "property man" the morning before the play in which they are used is performed, and the latter sees that they are ready in the evening, either in the dressing-room of the actor, if they are to be carried upon the stage, or upon the stage in their proper scene and position. The property man is generally an expert in imitating real articles with papier maché, paint, gold leaf, tinsel and Dutch metal; he manufactures the dragons, demons' heads, and furnishes the blood, thunder and lightning, stormy waves, and sun and moon for the establishment.

The wardrobe room is scarcely a less curious collection than the property room, although it is not so readily examined, as the most valuable dresses, and those not in immediate use, are packed in trunks or closets. Every actor possesses a wardrobe more or less extensive, of his own, as it is the aim of all of any note at all to possess a good one, as a valuable adjunct of success in the representation of character; still there is always a wardrobe attached to the theatre, more or less extensive according to its means; some very valuable, and can "dress" almost any piece splendidly. The wardrobe keeper is generally an expert at theatrical tailoring, and a good costumer, and has two or three women assistants who are kept at work upon the sewing and making, or altering and repairing, that is constantly required.

The glittering and flowing robes of kings, the rugged gaberdines of beggars, monks' cowls, cavaliers' glittering jackets and cloaks, peasants' picturesque ribbon-decked suits, savages feathers and wampum-trimmed frocks, Roman togas, Turkish spangled suits, military and naval uniforms of all kinds for all nations, knights' armor suits, jolly farmers' red red vests and drab small cloths, pettifogging lawyers' black cotton velvet suits, jolly jack-tars' blue anchor-broidered shirts and duck pants, canvas breeches and broad leathern belts with big buckles for smugglers, red, pink, blue, black and other dominoes for masquerade scenes, broad-skirted grey suits with big buttons for honest old men in farces, queens' robes and jewels, and peasant girls' muslins and ribbons,—hats—

Did you ever think how much character, so to speak, there is in a hat?

If not, watch how they are used on the stage. Actors understand the use of them, and useful articles they are in the make-up of a costume, as you will judge from the all sizes, shapes, styles and dimensions, colors and nationalities that you will find in the wardrobe of a big theatre,—hats with high crowns, hats with low crowns, hats with no crowns at all, splendid low comedy hats, hats with broad and with narrow brims, beggars' hats, peasants' hats, noblemen's hats with tall flaunting feathers, great broad Spanish sombreros with drooping plumes, brigands' ribbon-trimmed and peasants' jaunty little head-coverings, jewel-decked and feather-crowned protectors for representatives of the great, Roman helmets, French shakos, grenadier bearskins, gold banded caps, sailors' tarpaulins, the jester's jingling head-piece, Quakers' broad-brims, the monarch's crown, Paddy's caubeen—HATS!

Out from the wardrobe! Now let us mount above to the 'paint room.' Up past the dressing rooms, to the region amid canvas clouds, tops of palaces and temples, or forest foliage, technically known as "the flies." The visitor here finds a set of men who

work this part of the scenery, attend to the curtain, &c. The number of ropes stretching in every direction surprises one, and makes it seem quite a marvel to know the use of and operate them successfully. Here, up above and at the extreme rear of the theatre is the scenic artist and his assistant. Suspended upon light, wooden frames is the canvas scenery. The canvas is prepared by an assistant, after which the artist sketches out his scene in crayon, and fills in with the proper colors from the innumerable pots of all kinds that he has prepared. His principal assistant does that part of the work or filling-in which requires less skill; perhaps most of the wings, or side scenes as the public call them, while the "flats" or the scenery that closes together directly in front of the audience, and the general arrangement of extensive views, are the work of the principal artist.

And there is yet one more department behind the scenes, that of the machinist or carpenter—an important operator, who builds all the bridges and balconies, and makes all the trap-doors, thrones, flowery banks and ale-house benches, who makes all the frame-work for the scenery, and sees that all mechanical work is kept in good running order.

And now, having glanced in at the several departments, we will step down upon the stage again. Men in their shirt-sleeves are standing ready to change the scenery. An actor is standing at L. U. E. (left upper entrance) waiting for his "cue" to go on. The king's guard, consisting of twelve men of various sizes and curious physiognomy, are posted R. U. E. (right upper entrance), waiting the summons of the monarch—"What ho! guards without there!"—when they will march on, no two in step, and half with arms shouldered on the right and half on the left shoulder, as guards on the stage always do. Suddenly you hear the words—"See, the duke descends the palace steps. Now he speaks to Sir Hubert. He is coming here—here comes his highness!"

"His highness," who, during the time he has been supposed to have been descending the palace steps, and seen by the individual who looked off the stage and spoke the above words, has all the while been chatting with you just like any other man, till the last four words strike his ear, when he suddenly stops, says to us—"Excuse me—my cue, gentlemen," settles his plumed hat a little more firmly, throws his velvet cloak over the left arm, puts on a stage face and stage stride, and "goes on."

You hear an excited dialogue in the play sounding oddly enough to you here, because you have seen none of the first part and don't know the plot. The last comer suddenly delivers a brilliant passage, across the stage with a tragic stride, and the audience give a round of applause.

He has "made a point."

Under cover of the noise of clapping hands, the prompter improves the opportunity to sing out to two auxiliaries who are not in their proper position on the stage, and make them move further back; and you hear the venerable, grey-headed monarch in the scene say, in a voice audible where you stand, but inaudible to the audience, while not a muscle of his austere countenance changes, "Good hit, Charley! Give 'em another!" Charley, who plays "his highness," also hears it, but of course makes no signs, as he goes on with his part, and the piece progresses to its close—a deadly combat, the curtain falling upon a bloody battle-field—the tyrant slain by the rightful duke, who stands over his prostrate form with sword upraised in boastful triumph, and his victorious followers picturesquely grouped about him.

The audience cheer and applaud, the prompter "rings down," and as the green curtain bumps upon the stage, the conqueror lowers his victorious brand, extends his hand to his fallen foe, who by its friendly aid leaps to his feet, draws forth a—pocket handkerchief from the recesses of his armor, wipes the perspiration from his brow—

"Phew! it's a warm night!"

"The duke," "the tyrant," "his highness," and the rest, hurry off to their dressing-rooms, and are soon transformed into ordinary mortals like ourselves. The lights are extinguished, with the exception of a few to guide the actors who are to leave, and the watchman who takes care of the building, and we emerge from behind the scenes, perhaps with the reflection that a great deal that we see in the world outside, is not unlike in its deception to the mimic one with whose mysteries we have just been made acquainted, and that there is much truth in the words of the poet—"All the world's a stage."

#### A Concert in the South Pacific.

The Alleghaniens, a popular company of Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, lately returned from a four years tour around the world. The following

letter to the N. Y. *Musical Review*, from one of the members of the company, gives an interesting account of their visit to the island of Rarotonga, in the South Pacific Ocean, and of an entertainment given by them to the natives:

At Sea, Lat. 21 deg. 52 min. South—Lon. 159 }  
West. SATURDAY, Jan. 21st, 1860. }

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We left the harbor of Papeete, island of Otaheite, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 10th, after having spent twelve days, and given five concerts on the most lovely island. The island of Rarotonga was to be our next stopping place. After pleasant passage of eight days, we came in sight of the land of our destination. To give you a brief description of our visit, our concert, and the island, I shall copy from my diary:

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18th, 12 o'clock A. M.—Lat. 20 deg. 41 min. South, Long. 150 deg. West.—The island of Rarotonga is directly south of us; distant about forty miles, and in plain sight; at 6 o'clock P. M. we were within two miles of the land. Preparations are being made to lay the ship "off and on" during the night.

THURSDAY, Jan. 19th.—As soon as breakfast was over, we put off for the shore in one of the ship's boats. Hundreds of natives had already collected on the beach, at the only spot where boats could land. Our agent had posted two of our large pictorial posters together and fastened them to the end of a pole in such a manner that they could be held aloft, as we neared the shore. At the sight of this strange picture, the eyes and mouths of the natives seemed to open wider and wider as the boat approached the beach. Upon our stepping out of the boat, men, women and children immediately hemmed us in on all sides, eagerly scanning us from head to foot, evidently with as much wonder and astonishment as the first sight of a very large elephant would produce on a crowd of New Englanders. We soon found a native who had been out on two or three whaling voyages, and could speak a little English. We gave him several of our small bills, and explained to him our profession and business. He soon made it known to the crowd around. He then conducted us to the residence of Mr. Gill, the missionary, to whom we had letters of introduction from the Sandwich Islands. We found Mr. Gill at home, and he immediately gave us a most cordial welcome, as also did his most amiable lady. They had previously heard of our intended visit to the island, on our voyage to Chili, by a ship which left Honolulu about the time we did, and which had arrived at Rarotonga ten days before us. They were very anxious to hear us, but did not know how we could be remunerated for our trouble—there was but one other white family on the island, and money was a thing almost unknown to the natives.

However, if we could be persuaded to take pigs, fowls, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, punkins, and other productions of the island, for tickets of admission, they would guarantee a large attendance. This idea pleased our fancy, and wishing to have the honor of giving the first concert ever given in the Hervey Group of islands, we most cheerfully consented to the plan. We instantly sent a boat off to the ship to bring our tickets, instruments, fixtures, &c., ashore. In the meantime, Mr. Gill proposed that we should call on the King, excite his curiosity, and set his influence at work among the natives. He conducted us to the "palace," a very comfortable one-story adobe built house, with thatched roof, pleasantly situated in a large grove of cocoa-nut and orange trees. As we were ushered in and introduced to the "royal family," which consisted of the King, Queen, and Princess, about ten years of age, we found them seated on a cane-bottomed settee, about twelve feet long, which they filled to its utmost capacity; they instantly arose from their seats and gave us a really hearty shake of the hand. At first sight, their great corpulency attracted our wondering gaze—the three, I should think, would weigh one thousand pounds. The only cares and labors which absorb the time and attention of their "royal highnesses," and every moment of which they diligently improve, are eating and sleeping. The fallacy of the poet who says that

"Uneasy rests the head which wears a crown."

is here, in this great King most clearly proved. I did not see the "royal diadem," but judging from the size of the King's head, it must be of enormous proportions. Mr. Gill explained to the "royal group" who and what we were, and also our profession. Their anxious desire to hear us was most clearly evinced by the profusion of smiles, which, owing to their scanty clothing, we could plainly see extended from their heads to their feet.

After having obtained the "royal command" to give a concert, and Mr. Gill promising us the use of the schoolhouse, which is a very large one-story

building, we presented to their "royal highnesses" a complimentary card of admission, then taking our hats and backing ourselves to the door, bowing and scraping in the most respectful and approved courtly style, during this retrograde movement, we quit the "royal presence."

Our agent immediately got up a large "poster," announcing that

BY COMMAND OF KING MAKEA V.  
THE ALLEGHANIAN

WILL GIVE A GRAND CONCERT AT THE SCHOOL  
HOUSE THIS AFTERNOON, AT FOUR  
O'CLOCK, Jan. 19th, 1860.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—*Tickets to Admit One:*  
1 hog; or 2 pigs; or 1 turkey; or 2 chickens; or  
25 cocoa-nuts; or 20 pine-apples; or 2 bunches  
bananas; or 5 large pumpkins; or 2 baskets or-  
anges;—children, half price.

By two o'clock, our arrangements were so far completed that we commenced the sale of tickets. The place selected for this purpose was under a large thatched roof, raised about twelve feet above the ground by ten or twelve posts, and occasionally used by the natives as a kind of a market. The second mate of the ship having been installed as ticket seller, the "box sheet" was opened, and the sale commenced. The crowd around this spot had been gradually increasing for an hour previous, and by this time the excitement had become intense; what, with the squealing of hogs and pigs, gobbling of turkeys, crowing of roosters and cackling of hens, rattling of cocoa-nuts, spilling and squashing of oranges and limes, the rolling of pumpkins under feet, taken all together with the Babel-like jargon of the natives, formed a scene of excitement the most thrilling and terrific, mortal eye ever gazed upon—and I must say the most laughable public excitement I ever witnessed; not excepting the humbug excitements got up by Barnum's auction sales of choice seats at the Jenny Lind concerts at Castle Garden, New York. The confusion was so great, the swine and the poultry having evidently entered into the excitement with as much spirit and earnestness as the human population, all apparently vying with each other in trying to make the most noise, that we found it would be impossible to stick to our "regular prices" for tickets; so we concluded to take everything that was brought with which to purchase tickets and furnish every one with a ticket.

While it required twelve of the ship's crew to receive the "currency," placing each kind on its respective pile, that is, putting the hogs, tied by the legs, in one place, the poultry tied eight or ten together, in another, and the cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, pumpkins, oranges, &c., piled each kind by itself, it required four or five other persons to distribute the tickets. If one could judge by the active movements of the receivers of the "coin of the realm," the big brooks of sweat streaming down their noses and cheeks, their thin shirts and pantaloons, the only clothing they wore, completely saturated by perspiration, I should say theirs was the hardest task of the day. The ticket distributors had busy times of it, though their labors did not require very great exertion.

By four o'clock, nineteen hundred and sixty-one tickets had been disposed of, and every thing that had been offered in the way of pay, had been received. The doors were now opened, and the squeezing, tugging, pulling and pushing commenced—in an instant it seemed as if every one in the great throng was suddenly impressed with the idea that he or she must be the first one to enter the door, in order to get the best place; just the same as a similar number of individuals, collected together for a similar purpose, in our more civilized and enlightened "down east" community; the crowd of savages having, however, one great advantage over the enlightened crowd, that is, there are no danger of getting hats smashed, clothing torn from their backs, or losing pocket books, as they possess none of these little frivolities of fashions. In costume, they still cling to the fashions of "the good old days of Adam and Eve."

As soon as they were all inside of the concert-room, and had become quiet, we commenced the concert by singing a lively quartette. With this they were highly delighted; but it was evident from their looks and actions, that our bells, as they stood upon the "bell table," before us, sixty-two in number, of all sizes, from a lady's thimble up to the size of a large water pail, (and when placed upon their handsomely draped table, make, truly, a very attractive and imposing display), really filled their minds with the greatest wonder. After singing two or three pieces, we commenced with the bells, by playing a "Grand March." I have heard of, and even wit-

nessed several astonished audiences in my lifetime, but the audience presented a picture of the widest open-mouthed astonishment, during the performance of this piece, I ever beheld.

At first it was plain to be seen that they did not know how to make known to us their approbation; but Mr. Gill giving them the hint in regard to the manner in which it might be manifested, every subsequent piece, vocal or instrumental, received the most enthusiastic applause, and several which pleased their fancy most, were rapturously encored. \* \* \*

As soon as we concluded our performance, one of the native teachers arose and told us how pleased and delighted they were, and how grateful were their feelings towards us for our visit to their island, and he hoped we would remain with them forever. He also proposed that, before we parted with them, they should sing us one song. Some one immediately commenced, and the whole congregation quickly joined in singing the good old piece of sacred music entitled:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"

Although they sung in their own language, it could easily be perceived by the expressive change of feature, gestures of the hands, and motion of the body, while singing, that they fully entered into the spirit and sentiment of the song. They also sang three or four hymn tunes, which they had been taught in their school—two of them were popular tunes composed by my old music teacher, Lowell Mason. This is the fifth island we have visited in the Pacific, and on every one of which I have heard sung by the natives, the same good old familiar home-tunes of Lowell Mason, whose musical fame reaches

"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
To India's coral strand."

\* \* \* \* \*

As we left the school-house to return to our home, at Mr. Gill's, about a half mile distant, the women and young girls instantly rushed around Miss Hiffert, all eager to clasp her in their arms and rub their noses against hers. (This rubbing of noses is a native custom, and indicative of their greatest friendship.) After nearly one hundred had embraced Miss H. in their most affectionate manner, and having rubbed the skin completely off on one side of her nose, so that each subsequent greeting was becoming more and more painful, she begged of them, through Mr. Gill, to desist, and take the "will for the deed," thanking them a thousand times for these unexpected tokens of their affection and friendship. Many who were disappointed in not being able to embrace her in their customary manner, thought they must show their friendly feelings in some way, so they caught her up, first one and then another, in their arms, and in this manner carried her in triumph all the way to Mr. Gill's house, accompanied by the largest procession of females, some seven or eight hundred, I ever saw; and their happy, smiling faces plainly denoted how great was their feelings of joy, and how delighted they were at this opportunity and mode of expressing them to the *wahine hula-hula* (singing woman).

Soon after the concert was over, I took a walk down to the market to examine the receipts—it was a sight, surely. I really believe the receipts, in bulk, of this concert were the largest ever known. It occupied twenty-four men one day and a half, with four large whale-boats, to get them on board ship, distant one mile from the shore. After having been all got on board, the proceeds were found to "foot up" as follows:—79 swine (large and small), 93 turkeys, 116 chickens, 16,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pine-apples, 418 bunches bananas, 600 pumpkins, 108 baskets oranges, some six barrels limes, besides mats, fans, &c.:

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued every thing at about New York retail prices:

79 hogs, at \$5 each.....	\$395 00
93 turkeys, at \$1 each.....	93 00
116 chickens, at 38 cents each.....	44 08
16,000 cocoanuts, at 12 cents each.....	1,920 00
5,700 pineapples, at 12 cents.....	684 00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas, at 6 cents each.....	1,881 00
600 pumpkins, at 15 cents each.....	90 00
2,700 oranges, at 2 cents each.....	54 00
limes, mats, fans, etc., about.....	25 00

Total.....\$5,086 08

As there was no expense attending the getting up of this concert, you will see at a glance that if we had the immense quantity of tropical produce in New York to-day, and could sell it for the amount at which I have valued it, we should have the snug little sum of five thousand and eighty-six dollars and eight cents. But we haven't got it there!

I will conclude by giving you a brief description

of the island. Rarotonga is nearly seven hundred miles southwest of Otaheite, and is situated 21 deg. 12 min. south latitude, and 160 deg. west longitude; it is the largest island of the Hervey Group.

The "Hervey Group" consists of seven islands, named as follows: Rarotonga, Manguia, Aitutaki, Atiu, Mauke, Mitiaro, and Manuai. They are all inhabited, except Manuai. Population about 10,000. They are situated between 157 deg. and 160 deg. west longitude, and 18 deg. 30 min and 22 deg. south latitude. They were discovered by Captain Cook in the years 1773 and 1777.

I will write you again from Valparaiso.

Yours truly,  
J. M. BOULARD,  
of the Alleghanians.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of  
"Martha." Piano Solo.

### Music at Home.

As music in public is to be, at best, an uncertain pleasure for us, during the coming season, (in spite of Mr. Ullmann's announcements) we are driven to look for it in smaller circles, and even at home. We may not hear a grand orchestra this winter; we may not enjoy, as we have in past times, the choral performances of our oratorio societies, for very many of those upon whom these things depend, have long ago laid aside the instruments of Peace and Harmony and, far from home, are serving their country in a sterner field.

From the smaller musical organizations, however, we surely may expect to hear from this winter. The pleasant chamber concerts of Mrs. Varian have opened the way, and have met with deserved success; and our readers will see, with pleasure the announcement in another column of the proposed series by Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg; and also find that our old friends of the Mendelssohn Club are already stirring.

Besides these resources, is still left the music of the home, where musical powers of every degree of cultivation always find ready and delighted listeners, where the refined audiences that hear the public performances of our city, receive the rudiments of their musical knowledge, where, of all places, Music finds her fittest sanctuary and permanent dwelling place. The shapes she may assume are various, from the simple song, which in its rudest form, often strikes a chord in the heart that never ceases to vibrate while life lasts, to the grander melodies of the greatest masters of the Art that demand the highest powers to render adequately, and yet are adapted for the smallest circle of listeners and the humblest place; beyond these, to those still more elaborate forms, in which many voices must take part—the cantatas, the masses, the choruses, sacred and secular, the study and practice of which has been the delight and ornament of so many private circles.

We copy some timely remarks from our neighbor the *Musical Times*, most heartily endorsing the suggestion that this is the time of all others to learn, and we rejoice to be informed that so many of our best teachers are still sought out by almost their accustomed number of pupils.

"The more quiet and home-like music of the season has been commenced in Chickering's Hall, from which the dust of summer has been swept to make way for Mme. Varian's flowing train.

But the season has not really begun. The Philharmonic will scarcely dare to attempt this year what it failed in accomplishing the last. The Mendelssohn Club will probably succeed in drawing together the coterie of music lovers in whose affections they are so well established. But where is a bassoon for their sextettes and octettes? There are rumors of opera troupes to come; but who and what are the singers, it would be difficult to say. No opera troupe can be supported in the present state of affairs. Mr. Ullman opens his campaign with a conjurer; and we imagine that he will thrive better, just



now, with magic than music. None of his glowing promises have yet blushed before the world in those gorgeous colors, which, like red before the bovines, inflame the mind and fire the expectation. The singers have gone, most of them. Even Brignoli, who seemed to have become an American fixture, is arraying his plump person for a foreign flitting. What shall we do with an opera troupe, now-a-days, when every cent of extra cash is invested in the seven and three-tenths per cent loan? Treasury notes run higher now than a tenor C in alt, and our whole people are "gridando liberta" with a gusto that throws even Badiali and Marini in the shade. Papas will say to young damsels who long for fashionable opera, that they must make their own music, be their own prima donnas, and supply the place of handsome tenors from the crowd of dandies who follow in their train. Parlor operas must supersede public ones; and the cheapness must excuse the quality.

We are glad to learn that our teachers are beginning the season with excellent prospects. We would certainly advise those who are abridged of the pleasure of hearing music this winter, to occupy their hours and their means in perfecting themselves under the tuition of our excellent resident instructors. This would be a proper direction for the flow of that wealth which might, under other circumstances, find its way into stranger hands with less benefit to all parties.

The enjoyment of music in private is even greater than that in public. Imperfect as may be one's own efforts compared with those of technical artists, they really afford a pleasure and a satisfaction more durable than those derived from listening to others, however skilled.

In times like these, when public enjoyment fails, the efforts of our parlor vocalists and pianists should be bent on personal improvement and enjoyment. We trust, therefore, that our own teachers, resident among us, our social friends as well as instructors, will thrive by the troublous times."

## Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., OCT. 14.—Mr. B. D. Allen recently gave, at Washburn Hall, one of those charming musical entertainments by which he has succeeded in cultivating in our city a taste for the classics of that art of which he is so faithful a disciple. In all respects it was the best of the kind ever given in Worcester. The programme was excellent, and the performances remarkably good. The Trio Club, Messrs. Allen, Burt and Stearns, won golden opinions. Their playing showed faithful, long-continued rehearsal, and something more too, than perfection of mechanical skill—rare appreciation of the works performed. Mr. Allen played the selections from Schubert and Chopin with fine expression; and the Bach *Adagio* for piano and violin—Messrs. Allen and Burt was heard with unequalled pleasure. The vocalists were Mrs. A. G. Allen, who has a sweet and pure soprano voice of more than ordinary cultivation and Mrs. Munroe, recently of Lowell, we believe. Her excellent contralto voice is a welcome addition to our musical force, and it was heard to the best advantage in the beautiful duet from *Stabat Mater*. These ladies were assisted in the *Oberon* quartette by Mrs. Doane and Mr. A. Whitney. We give the programme of this concert, to which, by the way, the audience were summoned by invitation:

### PART I.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Op. 1, No. 2. Beethoven
2. *Adagio—Allegro Vivace.* 2. *Largo con espressione*
3. *Scherzo Allegro.* 4. *Finale Presto.*
2. Song. The Morning Prayer of Samuel. Costa
3. Piano Solo. Andante and Minuet. Op. 78. Schubert
4. Duet from "Stabat Mater." "Quis est homo." Rossini

### PART II.

5. Piano and Violin. *Adagio and Rondo.* Bach
6. Song. "Spring is Returning." Mendelssohn
7. Piano Solo. *Scherzo.* Op. 31. Chopin
8. Quartette from "Oberon." Von Weber
10. Trio in C. No. 26. Haydn
1. *Adagio—Allegro.* 2. *Rondo.*

The hall of the American Antiquarian Society in this city has lately been enriched by a cast of Michael Argel's statue of "Moses," the gift of Hon. Stephen Salisbury to whom the society was not long ago, indebted for a cast of the same artist's statue of "Christ." Not without reason has the "Moses" been called the artist's masterpiece. Such gigantic power of conception! such wonderful force and vigor of execution. From studying this statue we go refreshed to a new reading of the Old Testament, just as Haydn's chorus makes "the light" break with new brilliancy in the Creation, and as Handel's Messiah music adds touching beauty to the story of the "Man of Sorrows." So much do music, painting, and sculpture verify and reanimate the past!

## Musical Chit-Chat.

We notice with pleasure the announcement of four musical Soirées by Messrs. KREISSMAN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG. As it is well-known to our music-lovers that they never give any but the best music, we need not urge upon them to see that their list is well filled.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have started on a trip to the State of Maine, to be absent two weeks. An editor "down East" heralds their coming in the following puff, "This is no common travelling concern, but music-teachers from Boston, on a tour of pleasure."

A musical entertainment was given on Wednesday evening last, at Messrs. Woodward & Brown's Piano Warerooms, to invited friends by the brothers LOUIS and WILLEM COENEN, (Violin and Piano), assisted by Miss RYAN. Mr. Willem Coenen impressed us as a clever pianist. Considering his youth his execution was even remarkable. Miss Ryan has a magnificent organ, which, with proper treatment, may become a Contralto of the first quality.

PAYING THE PIPER.—We clip from the N. York Times, a little comment upon the generous style in which our troops are being furnished with music. It would seem as though one full Brass Band for a Brigade, would suffice for all parades and extra occasions, whilst other marching were better done by the life and drum, as of yore. The providing of a Band for each regiment, not only adds the number of twenty or thirty men to be provided for, without increasing perhaps at all by the effectiveness of the force, but the War Department reports the snug little item of \$4,000,000 as required per annum, to pay the musicians already under orders:

It is a proverb, old almost as our language, that "they who dance must pay the piper." Our Government is learning this truth somewhat to its sorrow. Secretary Cameron, we are told, is quite dismayed to find that the cost of music, by the regimental bands, is running up at a rate that will amount to millions of dollars per annum. To appreciate the fearful expense fully, it may be said that what is now paying for "brass bands," that blow so mightily in dress parades and in "serenading Generals," would have supported the navy of the United States, as it stood a few years since.

Music is a very good thing in its way, but we cannot but believe that we are having "too much of a good thing." There has been far more swelling of cheeks and obstreperation of brazen-throated trumpets than is profitable. Jericho surrendered to the blast of a ram's horn. But our rebels do not yield to such persuasions. Nor should we expect them to. Shakespeare knew the powerlessness of music over such. In his celebrated lines he tells us that—

"He that hath no music in his soul,  
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

We have found the rebels exactly of this sort. We have "piped," but they have not "danced." They hear our notes, but they utterly refuse to "keep step to the music of the Union." Therefore, let us change. Draw out the diapason, and let the ordnance of battle mingle its deep roar with the silly clangor of cornets. We have had "quavers" enough in the Army, and had better return to first principles, known to revolutionary soldiers in the drum and fife. Fashionable music is full of "fugues" which means fights; and we should avoid aught that suggests the rapid time made in the "fugue" at Bull Run.—Exchange.

## Paris

Sept. 12.—The theatres, in expectation of the coming revival, are accordingly all under arms, and the usual stars of each establishment once more twinkling in their appointed places. At the Grand Opera the revival of *Herculanum* gave M. and Mad. Gueymard, M. Obin, and Mlle. Livry, and the habitués of that house with whom they are in such high favor, an opportunity of mutually greeting each other on their respective returns from their respective country trips. I should not have left out the name of Mad. Tedesco from this group of favorites. On the following Wednesday the *Prophète* was revived, the cast including Mad. Viardot, MM. Gueymard, Belval, Coulon, and Kœnig; both evenings were equally brilliant and spirited. It is announced that the management of the Imperial Opera has signed a fresh engagement with M. Cazaux for another five years. The excellence of this artist renders this in every way a prudent step.

At the Opéra Comique, the *Caid* has been produced for the debut of Mlle. Balbi in the part of Virginie. This lady's reception was in the highest degree complimentary, and deservedly so, for she is a very charming singer, and only requires, what she

seems in a fair way of acquiring—a little more vigor—to take a most distinguished place in the profession she has adopted. Mlle. Balbi started, as did Mad. Ugaldi and Mad. Carvalho, as a concert singer. Her next essay will be in the part of Perrine in *Maitre Claude*. The revival of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, which has been so long announced, is still hindered by the continued indisposition of Mad. Faure Lefebvre. The manager of the Opéra Comique has just accepted a new opera in three acts, the book of which is by MM. Leuven and Cormon, and the music by M. Jules Cohen. It is entitled *José Maria*. Mlle. Cordier is about to take her leave of this establishment, having resolved to devote herself to Italian Opera, for which line she has already obtained an engagement at Berlin. Mlle. Prort also ceases to be a member of the company.

The Théâtre Lyrique re-opened for the season with *Les Dragons de Villars*, Mlle. Girard appearing in the part of Rose Frisquet, originally played by Mlle. Borghese, who until now had had no worthy successor in this difficult part. Mlle. Girard is not certainly equal to Mlle. Borghese, but she is far superior to any who have since attempted the part. On the following day M. Ernest Reyer's opera, *La Statue*, was revived. M. Montjauze playing the part of Selino; and lastly, on the day after that, *Le Bijou perdu* was revived—one of Adolphe Adam's best works—and Mad. Marie Cabel was the heroine of the evening. The house was crowded, and the reception of the brilliant songstress was of the most enthusiastic description. A sort of electric communication seemed established between the artist and her audience, by which each in turn influenced the other. Thus, then, the three great lyric establishments of Paris are once more at the flood in the tide of their fortunes. Soon to these I shall have to add the Théâtre Italien, the programme of which is already put forth.

Have you heard of a fresh infant prodigy? a son of the late Italian composer Ricci, aged eight, who has just been presiding in the church of St. Justus, at Trieste, over the performance of a grand mass of his own composing!

One of the papers here states that M. Marschner, the well-known composer, who had been staying for the last eight months in Paris, has been taken seriously ill on his return to Hanover.

PATRIOTIC PICCOLOMINI.—In a free and semi-confidential conversation with the Municipality of Florence, Victor Emmanuel did not conceal the difficulties of the Neapolitan question, but he said he hoped to solve them by firmness and honesty. As to Rome (he said), there are people who wish us to cut the Gordian knot, but we prefer to untie it. Venice can only be obtained by war. The first thing to do is to organize a strong army. After that, and when we are ready, reasons for attacking Austria will not be wanting. This language may be considered as pacific as possible, in spite of the last phrase, which in my opinion is only bellicose in appearance. Yesterday evening the King drove in an open carriage, and unattended, through the streets of Florence, which were brilliantly illuminated. He was greeted everywhere with the utmost enthusiasm. On the arrival of the king at Florence, the celebrated Piccolomini (now Marchioness Della Farina) sang a cantata composed for the occasion. The following stanza, the first four lines of which was sung in a plaintive tone, and the last with an energy altogether warlike, produced an indescribable sensation, the King listening with evident pleasure all the time:

E Venezia—in riva al mare,  
Siede, guarda, e al ciel di duole,  
E conforto aver non vuole,  
Perchè figli più non ha!  
Oh! ch' a l'armire, e a fulminare,  
Torna o re nel tuo sentiero,  
Dove regna lo straniero;  
Va ti monstra, e fuggia.

(And Venice—seated on the sea coast, looks up to heaven with grief and will not be comforted, because she has not her children. Oh! if in thy career, oh King! thou wert to take up arms against the stranger who reigns! Go! show thyself and he will fly.)

The crowd caught up the sentiment, and rent the air with shouts of, "To Venice!" "To Venice!"  
—Letter from Florence, Sept. 16.

## Hereford Musical Festival.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.—The oratorio selected for the first morning's performance was Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which produced its usual effect upon the auditory. Mr. Weiss took the part of the Prophet Elijah, and fully justified the high popularity he has long enjoyed among the musical amateurs of Hereford. His declamation was exceedingly fine, and his deep bass voice admirably adapted to the music. The soprano music was divided between Miss Louisa Pyne and Mad. Weiss, who both acquitted themselves like true artists. High as is the position Miss Louisa Pyne has attained in what, for the sake of



distinction, we must term profane music, her singing yesterday was sufficient to convince the most sceptical, if, indeed, there is any one at all sceptical on the subject, that, if she chooses to devote her attention to it, she will achieve an equally high position in oratorio. Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Susan Pyne took the contralto music, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Montem Smith the tenor. Most of these celebrated artists have been so often, and some so recently noticed in the same oratorio, that the mere mention of their appearance must suffice on the present occasion. The choruses were, on the whole, well rendered, and afforded general satisfaction, though to one who, like myself, had listened such a short time previously, to the wonderful choral triumph at Birmingham, they sounded, at intervals, rather weak and thin. But then the number of voices at the command of the Hereford conductor is only about a hundred and thirty.

A miscellaneous concert was given in the evening,

At half past eleven this morning the performance of Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, commenced in the cathedral. Everything went well from beginning to end. Mr. Weiss had another opportunity for displaying the powers of his fine, genuine bass voice, and did so with artistic conscientiousness. Mr. Montem Smith was entitled to high praise. He shone with more than ordinary brilliancy, and produced a marked impression. Mrs. Weiss, too, was excellent, more especially in the duet, "Forsake me not," with the gentleman just mentioned. The contralto music found an able executant in Miss Susan Pyne. The chorus and band were fully up to the mark. After Spohr's work came *Samson*.

Although a vast number of pieces were cut out, two such works as the above were too long for a single performance. "Enough is as good as a feast," should be borne in mind by the Managing Committees of our provincial Festivals. However, what is done cannot be undone; and therefore I will say no more on this head, but proceed to make a few, and only a few, observations concerning the performance itself. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, and never sang better. He was particularly grand and impressive in the air, "Total eclipse." Miss Louisa Pyne, as will be seen by the programme, sang the whole of the soprano music, in a manner that caused me to regret that she is heard so seldom in works of a sacred character. The other artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the band and chorus were well up to their work.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—The second concert, yesterday evening, at the Shire Hall, went off very well, although there were not so many persons present as on Tuesday evening. This is to be accounted for, in a great measure, perhaps, by the fact that there were no five shilling seats, as at the first concert. Admission could not be procured for less than half a guinea, a large sum for many persons.

The programme of this morning's performance at the Cathedral, comprised "Spring," from the *Seasons*, Haydn; "The Requiem," Mozart; "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn.

In the first place, then, I must inform you that very many competent judges were of opinion that the selection from Haydn's *Seasons* might have been advantageously omitted from the programme, which would have been quite long enough without it. When I ask, for about the thousandth time—will those worthy gentlemen who have the ordering of provincial festivals restrain their programmes within reasonable bounds. Not only, however, was the selection from *The Seasons de trop* on this occasion, it was not by any means a good sample of what Hereford can do. Well as the solo music was sung by Mad. Weiss, Messrs. Weiss and Montem Smith, the performance left the audience unmoved. The fact is, the choruses were below the mark—*manques*, as the French call it. The music itself, too, which has nothing at all sacred about it, seemed out of place within the walls of a cathedral. A far finer performance was that of Mozart's *Requiem*,—"the *Requiem*," as people say, and always will say, probably, just as they talk about "the Duke"—still the execution of the choruses was not worthy either of the work itself or of the members of the Three Choirs. Yet, so great is the power of genius, even when unsatisfactorily interpreted, that most of the choral pieces, as, for instance, "Dies iræ," "Rex tremendæ Majestatis," and "Confutatis Maledictis," produced a profound and lasting impression upon the audience. The solo singers, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Winn, were irreproachable. Mlle. Titiens, in particular, was splendid, and the part she took in the quartet, "Recordare, Jesu pie," was sung by her with a degree of power, ease, and unaffected feeling which I have seldom heard equaled, and, certainly, never surpassed. Mr. Winn, also, was more than usually good, and de-

serves high praise for his delivery of the bass music. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* went better than the *Seasons* but not so well as the *Requiem*. There was, at times the same want of steadiness, the same disregard of the nice gradations of light and shade, in the choruses; although, some of them, on the other hand, were given in admirable style. Mr. Sims Reeves was highly impressive, particularly in "The sorrows of death." The duet, "I waited for the Lord," was beautifully given by the Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne; while three grand instrumental movements were grandly performed by the band.

The principal feature in the performance at the concert in the evening was Mr. Benedict's cantata of *Undine*, which has already achieved such popularity in Norwich and London; and, as far as I can form an opinion from what took place on the evening in question, will soon be as great a favorite with the good citizens of Hereford. Great credit is due to Mr. Townshend Smith for introducing such a work, and the talented composer, who had come down to Hereford on purpose to be present—"assist," the French call it—at the performance of his work, must have felt very much obliged to him. Once more, if I am to state frankly what I think—and, by the way, it was to that end I was despatched down here—I must say, the members of the chorus were not as well up in their work as might have been desired, although they gave very effectively some of the music allotted to them. The parts were thus cast: *Undine*, Miss Louisa Pyne; *Bertalda*, Mad. Sainton-Dolby; *Hildebrand*, Mr. Sims Reeves; and *Kühleborn*, Mr. Weiss. Miss Louisa Pyne was suffering from severe indisposition, but despite of this, she scorned to give in, and with wonderful "pluck" went through her arduous task in a manner which elicited the most hearty applause. Mad. Sainton-Dolby was a most excellent *Bertalda*, and gave the romance, "The baron's old castle looks proud and bright," in first-rate style. Mr. Weiss supported his original part of *Kühleborn* with all the talent for which he is distinguished; while Mr. Sims Reeves was never more spirited and impressive than in the part of *Hildebrand*, a part of which, as the readers of the *Musical World* are aware, he was the original representative, as Mr. Weiss was of *Kühleborn*. The band was quite equal to its task, and altogether the cantata proved one of the "hits" of the Festival. The same may be said of Professor Sterndale Bennett's overture of the *Wood Nymphs*.

The performance of the *Messiah* on Friday morning attracted no less than 1736 persons, while the collection amounted to 307l. 0s. 7d. Both in a pecuniary and artistic sense it was the greatest success of the whole Festival. The charm exercised by this great work is really astonishing. Hundreds and hundreds who care for nothing else will go to hear the *Messiah*. So much, however, has been said so frequently not only about the work itself, but about every one of the artists who sang in it on Friday, that, not to grow wearisome, and repeat an oft-told tale, I shall content myself with sending you merely a general account of the performance without going into detail, which would be superfluous. The choruses, then, were given in a manner that must have satisfied even the most exacting critic. Despite her severe indisposition of the previous evening, Miss Louisa Pyne was determined that her Hereford admirers should not be disappointed. She sang the principal soprano music most beautifully, particularly the grand and impressive air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mad. Weiss and Miss Susan Pyne likewise, were very effective. How Mad. Sainton-Dolby, to whom was allotted most of the contralto music, sings oratorio, no one with any pretension to musical knowledge needs be informed. Yet I cannot pass over in silence the way in which she rendered the wonderful air, "He was despised." Messrs. Weiss and Winn divided the bass music between them, the latter gentleman distinguishing himself more especially in "The trumpet shall sound," with, of course, Mr. T. Harper's marvellous trumpet *obligato*. The greater part of the tenor music was assigned to Mr. Sims Reeves. I really feel puzzled what to do when speaking of this gentleman. Having praised him so often, I am almost inclined to content myself with observing that he sang as usual but he was really so great on Friday, that I cannot resist dwelling somewhat more at length on so remarkable a performance. The manner in which he gave the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," with the air, "Every valley," "Behold and see," and thou shalt break them," was simply sublime, and places him at the top of his profession—*facile princeps*—as the interpreter of the immortal Saxon's music. The band, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith, proved themselves worthy of the occasion. Mr. Amott officiated at the organ.

At 7 o'clock, P.M., a chamber concert was given in the College Hall.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Off again. Song and Chorus (Answer to "Home again." Marshall S. Pike 25

This song written by the author on the eve of his departure to the theatre of the war, with words of much beauty and significance in these times when so many are "off again," and a melody which must at once sink into the heart and take a permanent place there, will become as popular as "Home again" ever has been. Those who have musical friends—singers—in the army should have a copy placed in their hands. Either as a song or as a glee it will become a favorite camp tune.

List fairest Ella. Mrs. Luyster. 25  
Within her downy cradle. Mrs. Luyster. 25

#### Two pretty Songs of medium difficulty.

A loving heart. Ballad. Mrs. Jerrold. 25

A melodious ballad written in close and successful imitation of the popular songs of Balfe, Richards and others. It is very good and effective.

The dying Soldier, or Kiss me good night mother. Edward Clark. 25

Founded on a touching incident said to have occurred in a hospital at Washington. The music is very appropriate and well adapted for young singers.

#### Instrumental Music.

Mephisto Galop. Carl Faust 25

A dashing Galop, just the thing in a ball-room. Moderately difficult

McClellan's Grand March. 50

The title-page of this fine and spirited piece of music has a handsome Vignette, in colors, representing the young General to whose command our brave legions are entrusted, on a splendid white charger. It is altogether the most striking likeness of Gen. McClellan which we remember having seen.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

#### Books.

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